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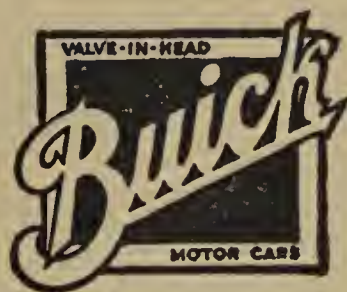
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Single Copy, 25 Cents

Which?

WHAT is life?

Just a space of time,

Measured by some

By the distance they climb

Up the social ladder

To the goal of fame,

With bountiful riches

And heralded name?

Is it the narrow road,

And the laborious life

Of the glorious martyrs,

Who struggle and strive

To raise mankind

To a higher plane,

Though receiving no riches

And enjoying no fame?

FREDERICK V. SHEARD, '25.



Ten Minutes With The Principal.

"SCHOOL clubs are an important phase of the High School curriculum," said Mr. Dickey, settling back comfortably in his chair and preparing to give me some food for thought.

"Yes, clubs fostering social activities, closer intimacy, and coöperation among the pupils are coming right to the front in the Fairhaven High School," I replied.

"I, along with the rest of the faculty, believe that all of the students should belong to at least one club," added Mr. Dickey, "for the latter advances the training of its members through coöperation."

"Yes," I answered, "we are able to discuss the work of the class room in a more informal way through the medium of these clubs because the teacher as Faculty Adviser and the pupils as the officers are brought closer together."

"When so many people get together with the same idea," interrupted Mr. Dickey, "and work toward the same goal, the dictator known as 'School Spirit' invariably directs the aims of the club. If the officers are limited to those pupils having the highest grades in their work, a competition is started which greatly assists in raising the standard of the work done by the members of the club. When one finds pleasure in work it ceases to be work, you know," Mr. Dickey concluded.

May the editor add if you aren't a member of some club join now, and try this sure cure for your ailment in the way of studies. Among the clubs to choose from in this school are the French Club, Latin Club, Commercial Club, Literary Club, B. A. A., G. A. A., and Room 11 Student Government Club.

FREDERICK V. SHEARD, '25.

Life.

WHAT are you going to be?

It is just a casual question—but how much it means! Do you ever stop to think whether you are filling your place in life? Are you pleasure bent or is your mission business finding you prepared to fit into the scheme of civilization? There are some who think this world owes them a living but this is not coincident with the trend of life. The byword of the human race has been and will be “The Survival of the Fittest”. The one hundred percent efficient man of the present era expects to reap nothing where he sows nothing. The “visiting” class of humanity is a poor investment. We are put here to enrich the stream of life. Even though we be successful on this earth, we cannot measure our attainment, for true joys do not hang on material pains.

As was once said:

“I slept and dreamt that life was beauty
But I woke and found that life was duty.”

Carry On !!!

Application and Perseverance.

APPLICATION and perseverance spell success. How many pupils on the receipt of the question, “What are you doing this evening?” will answer that they plan to concentrate on homework and reference work. Perseverance, or to the casual person, doggedness, is found only in a minority of high school pupils. The more common trait is to give up with little struggle when the exertion of hard work begins to tell on the mind. The pupil’s confidence of solving any problem of length is easily broken, if his attitude corresponds with that of the above, and another “D” or “E” is added to his already deficient average.

Ask the pupil with an “A” in some difficult subject the secret of his proficiency. Invariably the answer can be summed up in two words—application and perseverance. A perusal of the records will show that many pupils have been kept from the honor roll by one “C”. The pupil having one such mark is not incapable of realizing that a little more concentration would bring the coveted position.

There is yet, in the writer’s knowledge, to be a case of brain fever from overstudy in this school. The habit, once formed, of application and perseverance will carry the pupil through school and, in later life, through his chosen profession or work with flying colors.

The Fellow Who Redeemed Himself.

WHEN the fall term opened the High School at Grantsdale, it brought along a new specimen of human nature to mingle with the refined girls and boys of that genteel town. Only a few months passed before the school realized what a total stranger it had — a stranger, because he had but one friend, the football coach, and, at that, the friendship clung to one small, flimsy link.

Day after day, the pupils watched the Stranger knock some books to the floor from under a freshman's arm, or trip some unsuspecting individual, or pull the plaited hair or the curls of some girl who had the misfortune of claiming unbobbed hair.

"Where does this fellow think he is, anyway?" asked an indignant student of his companion.

"At home, or at the Roxford High School most likely," the other retorted.

"So, is that where he came from! Roxford breeds 'hard guys', and, in my opinion, this fellow is the meanest of the lot."

The despicableness of the Stranger reached the ears of the football coach, but the latter found nothing mean about him on the football field. On the contrary, he found that, while out for practice, the boy worked hard, showed a desire to learn the game, was intelligent, and played fair and square.

But the Stranger was "putting it over" on the coach. In other words, he was mean!

In the locker room before practice, he asked Charley Bolden, veteran left tackle and captain of the football team, to lend him a dollar. But Bolden, having no respect for the fellow at all, looked disgustedly at him and turned away.

"Hypocrite!"

That stung. The malicious one ground out the words, "All right. There are plenty of chances to get even with you—plenty of chances, and I'm taking the best that comes my way!"

The chances to get even came and passed, but not one suited the Stranger.

Then came the last and most important football game of the season—that with the rival High School of the large city of Roxford across the river.

At the end of the first quarter of the game, Grantsdale led seven to nothing. In a few minutes of play in the second half, Charley Bolden, after he had tackled a back who carried the ball, found himself at the bottom of kicking feet, prodding arms, and writhing bodies that had piled themselves over him. He felt a sharp, agonizing pain in his chest. He groaned and fainted.

When Bolden recovered consciousness, the coach let him remain in the game. The ball was still in Roxford's possession, and their quarterback was intelligent enough to try a tackly play through Bolden. Bolden was weak; the throbbing pain in his chest still persisted, but he was in there fighting.

In spite of all he could do, the opponent's play swept him aside for a large gain. They tried it again, and again they profited by the move.

The Stranger, playing guard next to Bolden, saw his great chance.

"Team with me; team with me," snapped Bolden. "Can't you see their plays will be through me?"

"Here's where I get even," the Stranger remarked.

"You poor fool, don't hold anything against me in this game! We've got to stop them from going through here!"

The Stranger only smiled derisively.

"Ye Gods, wake up, will you? You're not hurting me alone; it's the team, the school you're playing for—not me!"

The Stranger said nothing.

On its own twenty yard line, Grantsdale recovered the ball on a fumble; and, after two unsuccessful line plunges, punted out of danger.

A shrill whistle signified the end of the third quarter.

The fourth quarter was a steady march toward the Grantsdale line by the Roxfordites. They scored the touchdown and drop-kicked the point. The score now was seven all.

Seven all, and three minutes to go! Nine "fights" from the Grantsdale cheering squad echoed across the field.

Bolden, worn out by the steady plugging of the opposing side and by the pain in his chest, chose to kick off. The Stranger, running hard and fast, got his man on the twenty yard line. But the Stranger

(Concluded on Page 42)

My Wish.

I WISH I were a sailor,
O'er the whole wide world I'd go
On the rollicking green-blue ocean
Spumed with foam as white as snow.

My only roof would be
The sky of sapphire blue.
And the cold, clear, spray
Of the stormy waves
Would wet me thru and thru.
To my ears the clang of the anchor's chain, the tumult, and the din
So dear to the heart of the sailor man,
Would be bourne on the salt, sea wind.

And I would envy no man,
And I'd rove far and free
Till they gave me up with the funeral march,
To my welcoming Mother Sea.

FRANCES F. SEYMOUR, '25.



ON October first we had a very inspiring and worth while speaker, a Mr. Beck, from the Wall Street Stock Exchange. The two messages he left with us were, "Carry On", and "What you are to be you are now becoming."

Room eleven is stepping out! During the first term it had two select dances. At the latter the boys were hosts, and a seven piece orchestra furnished the music. No wonder fines went up five cents!

It happened at the Freshman Girl's Reception that one of the upper class girls tripped and spilled her ice cream on the floor. This event just increased the individuality and good time of it all, especially as some dancers skidded around in the unfortunate ice cream's remains.

On Friday, October twenty-fourth at eight-thirty in the evening, the Seniors with their guests assembled for their first informal dance. The affair was in keeping with Hallowe'en, and as usual a very enjoyable evening was spent. Miss Margaret Siebert, Miss Marjorie A. Gifford, Mr. and Mrs. Guy B. Staples, and Mr. and Mrs. James Parkinson were the guests for the evening.

In early November the "Us and We Incorporated" is going to produce a first class vaudeville show for the benefit of the library. It has been decided that all adjectives beginning with "V" are the ones needed to describe it.

DOROTHEA R. PAULL, '26.

Why Military Training Camps Are Good For Boys.

*This essay was awarded
Third Prize in a contest
held by the Military Train-
ing Camp Association of
New Bedford.*

THE highest duty that a man has to himself and to his country is the making of a sound mind and a sound body.

The recent world war necessitated the training of men, intellectually moral and physically fit to defend our country in time of need. For this purpose

military training camps were established and have been retained, making of themselves potent factors in our civil life.

And now, why potent? In order to have America stand as the foremost of nations, it must have men of the highest order,—men who are sound in body and mind. A training camp will help to make this possible. If a man follows out faithfully the rules of the camp, it will help him to attain perfection.

In a military training camp, boys have the companionship of good leaders. Such contact is very valuable.

In the world war more leaders were needed. A military training camp will promote the growth of more and better leaders.

Boys are often unconsciously led astray by associating with undesirable companions. In a training camp the mind is occupied all the time, thus leaving no time for wrong doing.

Another good feature of a training camp is that it is free of charge. Therefore, many boys are able to go that would be deprived of the chance because of the money needed.

God gave to every individual an unmolded soul. His is the privilege to fashion it as he will. To me, the military training camps can help him in the finest possible manner, by the life which they create in the open, by the contact which they afford with men of leadership and character, by the heart to heart "talks" which they give to the boys, and by the inspiration of the ideals of our vast military organization.

What a very wonderful institution these military training camps are!

RUTH A. WOOLAND, '25.

5





MR. DICKEY



CAPTAIN CIEURZO



OFFICERS OF THE COMMERCIAL CLUB



THE FOOTBALL TEAM

Heard at the High School.

IN a Latin Class, Parker was translating the sentence, "The ditch was ten feet deep," into Latin at the black-board. When the time came to criticize the sentence, Mrs. Dodge exclaimed, seeing the word "feet" in the wrong case, "Now, class, what's the matter with Parker's feet?" And again—

Parker, translating—"So help me, Hercules, I am exhausted."

Mrs. Dodge, dryly—"Yes, so it would seem. Next person, the same, please."

Student, who does not take Latin, but who hears a Latin class recite—"I know two Latin words."

"What are they?"

"Ah, um."

The following mistaken identities were taken from a recent test in the American History Class. How many can you identify?

Steinmetz—German chancellor.

Venizelos—Country in South America.

Mussolini—President of Italy.

Leader of the Klan.

Leader of Bolsheviki in Russia.

Pinchot—An Indian weapon.

Town in France.

Lloyd George—Ex-premier of France.

King of England.

Leonard Wood—President of American Woolen Company.

Henry Cabot Lodge—Democratic candidate for President.

Muscle Shoals—A show at the Brockton Fair.

Obregon—A town in Germany.

Firpo—A wrestler.

Herrin—A town in France.

An aviator seeking nomination to Republican National committee.

French political leader.

A fish.



The teacher leads a hectic life;
 She has no time to fool.
 But when she puts all care aside,
 Then good-bye, thoughts of school!

And as a group, the members of the faculty occasionally gather for quite delightful affairs. Their lives have been so "hectic" thus far this fall that there have been only two of these occasions, and both of them were gatherings of all the Fairhaven teachers.

On October 8, an entertainment at the Unitarian parsonage furnished to busy teachers an opportunity to hear Mrs. Gwynn of New Bedford, who sang in her delightful way some of her loveliest numbers. Rev. Parker gave an interesting little address in which he offered no little inspiration and some good things to think about.

And then on October 14, the teachers were made welcome at the Coggeshall Memorial House by the members of the Colonial Club, and treated to a talk on books by Miss Katherine Lord, who is a playwright of some note. Some excellent numbers, beautifully rendered on the violin by a New Bedford artist, were followed by an informal discussion about books that was rather lost sight of under the stress of ice cream. The evening was memorable as a gathering of many very pleasant people.

There is a little rumor being whispered about that the High school teachers are going to steal off in a body some jolly afternoon in the near future, and eat all the hot dogs they can manage. And the middle name of the party will be SOCIABILITY, and then it will certainly be "good-bye, thoughts of school"!

The Song of the Road.

THE song of the road is the song of life,
A song that tells you of mountain heights,
Of sapphire lakes and wonderful sights
That you see along the road.

The song of the road is the song of life,
A song of cities, of towns, and homes,
Of forests where all the wild life roam
That you see along the road.

The song of the road is the song of life,
A song of tears, of sorrow, and pain.
But pleasures come with the friends you gain
That you see along the road.

ELIZABETH C. JOHNSON, '25.



Diogenes (meeting College Freshman)—“Well, sir, whaddya know?”

College Freshman—“Oh, nothing much.”

And Diogenes blew out his lantern and went to bed.

—The Parrot.

* * *

She (sarcastically, out walking)—“This reminds me of Robert L. Stevenson’s travels with a donkey.”

He—“Yes, I do feel like an author tonight.”

—Colorado Dodo.

* * *

“Why these muddy streets?” asked the tourist stopping at Spindleburg. “Have you no town pride?”

“That ain’t mud, stranger,” replied the country store clerk. “That’s Ford axle grease.”

—Judge.

* * *

Econ. Prof—“That’s wrong. You have put the liabilities under assets.”

Student—“Yes sir, I’m left handed.”

—Yale Record.

* * *

Yep, we are like cars. S’funny how many flivvers have big horns.

—Co-Ed.

First—“Man, yoh sho’ am som’ chaf-fur. Yoh all call yohself ah mechanic and heah yo’ll is without any tools.”

Second—“I ax yo’. Do Napoleon carry aroun’ his cannons and guns, do he?”

—Co-Ed.

* * *

“Upon my word!” said the dictionary, as the ink dropped through the leaves.

—Colorado Dodo.

* * *

Prof.—“I take great pleasure in giving you 81 in ‘math’.”

Stude—“Aw, make it a 100 and enjoy yourself!”

—Orange Owl.

* * *

The primary teacher had been telling her pupils about the bear hibernating in the Winter. After explaining it to them, she said:

“Can any one tell me of any other animal that hibernates?”

A little tot’s hand went up and the teacher said:

“Well, Kilbourn, you may tell us of one.”

“Santa Claus,” said Kilbourn, “only he does it in the Summer time.”

—Selected.

(Jokes Concluded)

The teacher explained to the class that an epidemic was "something that spreads."

Teacher—"Now, Tommy, give me an example of an epidemic."

Tommy—"Jam, miss."

—Life.

* * *

"Johnnie, name the four seasons."

"Pepper, salt, vinegar, and mustard."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

* * *

Senior—"I want permission to be away three days after the holiday vacation."

Dean—"Oh, you want three more days of grace?"

Senior—"No, of Dorothy."

—Lafayette Lyre.

* * *

Pat—"That was a fine sentiment Casey got off at the banquet last night."

Mike—"What was it?"

Pat—"He said that the sweetest memories in loife are the recollections of things forgotten."

—Paper Magazine.

* * *

Difficult Customer—"I can't remember the name of the car I want—I think it starts with 'T'."

Exasperated Salesman—"Madam, all our cars start with gasoline."

—The Passing Show.

Teacher—"Jimmy, spell 'stadium.'"

Jimmy—"Aw, why don't they call it a bowl?"

—Texas Ranger.

* * *

Co-ed Medic—"How long could I live without brains?"

Cruel Prof.—"Time will tell."

—Co-Ed.

* * *

A visitor, being shown round a lake, said to his guide: "How deep is this one?"

"Well, sir," was the reply, "we don't know the actual depth, but last year a young Australian came here to bathe, took his clothes off and dived in, and we never saw him again."

"And did you not hear from him?"

"O, yes! We had a cablegram from Australia, asking us to send his clothes on."

—Selected.

* * *

Libby—"Buddy is an atheist."

Mary—"Is that a good fraternity?"

—Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern.

* * *

Prof.—"Where is Smith?"

Fresh—"I think he is ill, sir."

Prof.—"How do you know?"

Fresh—"Last night some Sophomore came up to his room and I heard someone tell him to take his medicine like a gentleman."

—Life.



A TENNIS league was organized last fall for the boys consisting of four teams:—

Tilden's, William's, Richard's, Johnson's.

The tournament lasted to the end of October.

The schedule of football games for the fall is as follows:—

Hope	12-0	Provincetown	34-6
Dartmouth	21-0	Hyannis	47-6
Whitman	6-0	Falmouth	40-0
Dedham	19-7	New Bedford	20-7
Durfee	15-14		

The first score is Fairhaven's.

Members of the football squad are:—

Dubiel, Packwood, McGowan, H. Macomber, Parker, John Sylvia, Dexter, Cieurzo, Capt., Sullivan, Eldred, Tunstall, Holland, Moss, T. Perry, Cook, Wlodyka, York, R. Macomber, Simmons, John O'Leary, James O'Leary, Joseph Sylvia, Seymour, Maxfield, Przygoda, Burns, Wrightington, G. Pendleton, Joseph Sylvia, D. Doran, Nelson, M. Sylvia, Terhune, Page, Rogers, Dunham, Cherry, Portas, Dutton, Slocum, Parkinson, Bates, Durfee, Kuechler, Greenhalgh, W. Doran, Audette.

As another phase of the boys' activities, the Boys' Athletic Association was formed the officers of which are:

President	Charles Holland
Vice-President	Edward Dubiel
Secretary	Fred Sheard

Notes From "Girls' Athletics."

THE Girls' Athletic Association held its first meeting in the middle of September. The following girls were elected to office:

President—Elsie Perry.

Vice President—Dorothea Paull.

Secretary—Delphina Brown.

Treasurer—Dorothy Henshaw.

Cheer Leader—Jeanette Demers.

Team Manager—Mary Hawes.

Publicity Officer—Ruth Woodland.

The association has one hundred per cent. membership this year.

Student Government has been introduced into Fairhaven High and the G. A. A. was not to be left out of the new movement. Girls were appointed in the different "gym" classes to look after the attendance and the passing to and from the locker section.

Initiation is not far away and the G. A. A. expects to take a hand in this.

The girls of the Fairhaven High won second place in the Massachusetts State Meet. In recognition of the honor, the school will receive a plaque. Miss Elizabeth Jason proved to be one of six girls out of the 1,420 that won 30 points. She will receive a Certificate of Merit.

Miss Helen Morrison has entered the Sargent School for Physical Education. She will train for a teacher.

We have received word that Miss Miriam Waldron was the only girl in the Freshmen Class at Middlebury College to be given an "A" for good physical condition. She was also the only girl who had played hockey four years.

On the morning of October the thirteenth, the Alumni came back to "wallop" the hockey ball just once more. The Alumni team was composed largely of last year's players, tho the "Perrys" were present in full force. School Team Hockey continues to be a great favorite with the girls. Interclass hockey games will soon begin. The Freshmen Class of this year has material for a fine hockey team. The present Senior Class has swept all before it!

HOPE DUDGEON, '27.

You

Don't think of the good you would do if you could,
If you only had a million or two;
But think of the good you could do if you would,
With a pleasant smile and a kind word or two.

MARJORIE HOWE, '28.



The Commercial Club Initiation.

ON Tuesday, September the thirtieth, the Seniors of the Commercial Club initiated the Commercial Juniors into the M. Y. O. B. Club. Each Junior securely blindfolded was led by a Senior into the gymnasium where they swore to live up to the Club Oath, the nature of which cannot be divulged here.

Poisonous reptiles from the Amazon, the new African Gum, and Cleopatra's Beauty Tonic were all thoroughly enjoyed (? ! ?) by the Juniors. If the proverb "Laugh and Grow Fat" proves to be true, each Senior must have gained at least a pound. After surviving the stunts, the victims were seated in a circle in the center of the "gym", and each was given an opportunity to

show his ability as a comedian. All of the stunts were most entertaining, but the prize, a baby doll, was awarded to John Kinney for his thrilling solo.

After the "tortures", refreshments consisting of fancy cookies and ice cream were much enjoyed. Many of the Juniors needed something to revive their drooping spirits. Dancing followed the refreshments, the music being furnished by Imelda Paquette and Anna Burke.

The committee in charge of the initiation was as follows: Lillian Topham, Jessie Lenhares, Walter Gamans, Delphena Brown.

We hope to have the pleasure of entertaining the Faculty on November the fifth.

DELPHENA BROWN, '25.

La Bonne Campagnie.

THE meeting of "La Bonne Campagnie" was held in Room 11, October 2, 1924, at 1:32 P. M. This meeting established the French Club on a firm basis. Fred Sheard, chairman, called the meeting to order. The secretary's report and the Constitution were read and accepted. The list of officers presented by the Nominating Committee was elected as follows:

President—Fred Sheard.

Vice-President—Nellie Coombs.

Secretary—Annis Hebden.

Treasurer—Ruth Avery.

Entertainment Committee:

Mildred Parkinson,

James O'Leary,

John Parker,

Hope Dudgeon,

Mary Hawes.

Advertisement Committee:

Annis Hebden,

Frances Parker,

Virginia Vokes.

Program Committee:

Rosamond Simmons,

Yvonne Demers,

John Sylvia,

Katherine Goggin,

Priscilla Alden.

Miss Gifford, faculty adviser, was elected an honorary member of the Club. A motion was made to initiate the first year French pupils and was accepted by the second and third year pupils. Three members of the Club were appointed by the chairman to assist the Entertainment Committee in planning the initiation. They were: Ruth Woodland, Katherine Goggin, Anna Fernandes.

Meeting adjourned at 1:55 P. M.

Respectfully submitted,

ANNIS HEBDEN, Secretary.

Latin Department.

THIS story was written in English, on the board in a Latin class as a test, for pupils who had studied Latin for eight rather broken class periods. The class had never seen a Latin book or a printed Latin sentence. The words for—*youth, to cross, Gualterus*, and *vir* were given them. The other unknown words were assigned the day before for preparation.

This is the best of the stories exactly as written by Miss Marie Clair Rousseau. Evidently Miss Rousseau overlooked *Britannia*.

Olim domina pulchra, regina England desiderat transire viam.

Quia via est limosa, dubitat. Deinde iuvenis maturat et dat togam regiae. Regina ambulat in toga in limosa via.

Quia est bona domina, regina amat invenem et dat magnas venias. Quis est domina? Elizabetha, grata England regina. Quis est vir? Gualterus Raleigh.

Rather good for eight days! Don't you think so Classics?

Notice it shows a rather large vocabulary; a knowledge of subject; direct and indirect object; genitive of possession; predicate nominative; place where with in; verb, adjective and appositive agreement; use of interrogative, and at least some knowledge of sentence order.

THE HARPYS

They certainly contrived to raise
 Queer ladies in the olden days.
 Either the type had not been fixed,
 Or else Zoology got mixed.
 I envy not the primeval man
 This female on the feathered plan.
 We only have, I'm glad to say,
 Two kinds of human birds today—
 Women and warriors, who still
 Wear feathers when dressed up to kill.

—SELECTED.

A Lying Lyric.

“GO, write a lyric,” the teacher cried,

And her eye held a baleful look.

I shook, I groaned, I mourned, I sighed,

And I bought me a rhyming book.

I sat me down with pen and ink,

I chewed the pen to slivers!

Such a tumult I made by trying to think

That people went past me with shivers.

I read all the poets that I could find

From old Shakespeare to Herrick.

But this is all that came of it—

I cannot write a lyric!

LETITIA MAXSON, '25.

Sky Leviathans of the Past and Present.

THE first balloon ever recorded to have made an ascension was invented in 1772 by the brothers Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier. Their balloon which was publicly exhibited at Annonay, France, was filled with air rarefied by a fire lighted in the car under the balloon. In the latter part of the same year M. Charles, Professor of Physics in Paris, substituted hydrogen gas for rarefied air.

In the earlier history of balloons, France takes undisputed precedence over England. At a later period, however, England gained a triumph not yet paralleled on the continent or elsewhere when an ascension was made to the amazing altitude of 37,000 feet. In 1866 America had begun to take part in aeronautics. A great drawback in these balloons was the inability to effectively guide the machine in the air.

A later type of balloon is made of long bands of silk sewed together and rendered airtight by being covered with caoutchouc varnish, and filled with hydrogen or coal gas. At the top, there is a safety valve under the aeronaut's control. The operator sits in a light wicker basket suspended by means of cords from a network covering the balloon. A balloon of this type, measuring forty-eight feet in length by thirty feet in width and breadth, will carry three persons and, with its car and other accessories, weighs about 300 pounds. It is used for observation mostly.

From this last type, balloons take quite a jump. The navy has built at New Jersey the first rigid airship, the ZR-1, which is on the same principle as a balloon. It is risen by gas and propelled by motors which are suspended from the sides of the ship. This balloon is about 900 feet in length and larger in diameter than the beam of the Leviathans; it will carry a weight of sixty tons. This can be guided in the air by means of a rudder.

Until now, one hazard in airship operation always has stalked like a specter at the heels of its development. Hydrogen inflated ships carry with them the ever present danger of fire. Many aerial disasters have been traceable to this. The discovery of helium makes this form of travel safe to a degree never before possible. Helium,

(Concluded on Page 35)

Rain.

RAIN reminds me of a sullen, spoiled goddess who is always taking away joy from the golden days. She is jealous of the playful wind and the dancing sunlight; but she watches them sulking in a corner. She tries to anger the wind and sun, and when she can stand their playful mood no longer, she screeches, weeps, and stamps her dainty feet. The sun, frightened, runs away to hide, but the wind blows harder and makes the seas roar, the trees moan and bend their stately heads, and the people hustle home. Then realizing what trouble she has caused, she picks up her gauzy, gray skirts and runs away—while the sun creeps back, timidly.

Often when I am riding through the country, I see the hills in the distance covered with a gray mist. I wonder,—is it my goddess reposing on the hillside? I think of the haze on the hills as the hair of my goddess when she has it down to let the playful wind snarl it. I like her best when she is in this mood. She is half smiling at the world,—and for once she is not pouting.

My goddess is not always downhearted; sometimes I have heard her laugh,—a mean laugh, though. On these days she wears a soft, gray gown and a gray mask, and steals out slowly on the water, slyly throwing a large gray cloak over it. She loves to make the boats go on the rocks, and she laughs at the feeble lights of the lighthouses trying to penetrate the cloak, and at the muffled tones of the fog horn. She creeps away from the waters just as she came slowly, softly, slyly, leaving behind her destruction, and an angry sea.

Sometimes, on a sunny day do you wonder why it drizzles? My gray goddess has washed her hair and has just come out to dry it. As she shakes it in the sun, we unimaginative people say, "It's drizzling!"

It is early on a summer morning. The dewdrops are glistening in the sunlight. We call them fairy diamonds lost by the nymphs while dancing in the moonlight. But no, they belong to the rain goddess who has strewn them over the dawn world. How kind the rain goddess is to nature! Without her the world would be void of vegetation. Mother of all the streams,—it is she who has formed them, started them on their journey down the stony path of the mountain, through the woods, into the meadows, to the little rivers which widen and eventually meet the master of all waters.

My rain goddess! Can we deny her appeal, whatever her mood, wherever her visitation?

ANNA FERNANDES, '25.

Music.

THE class in Music Appreciation has just completed an interesting survey on the musical tastes of the Romans. Previous to this, the beginning of music in Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Arabia, India, and China was studied. Most of the knowledge of the music of these ancient countries was derived from the information furnished by excavations and legends. The most interesting people to study were the Hebrews, of whom we read in the Bible.

This intensive study has given to the class an idea of the important part music played in the lives of these nations and how much, therefore, it has meant to future generations.

Later on the lives of the composers and the musical forms they employed will be taken up. Even now all musical notes are read and commented on, thus gaining knowledge of the composers of today both in this country and abroad.

Each lesson a record is played and studied. The records which we have recently been working upon are, "Melody in A Major" by Dawes, played by Kriesler; "Dagger Dance" from the opera "Nataoma" by Victor Herbert; "Melody in F" by Rubenstein; "Spring Song" by Mendelssohn; "Minuet in G Major" by Paderewski; "Anvil Chorus" by Verdi from the opera "Il Trovatore", and "Barcarolle" from "Tales of Hoffman" by Offenbach.

GERTRUDE PETTEY, '25.

(Concluded from Page 33)

an inert gas, is not unflammable; it has but little less than the buoyancy of hydrogen, and can be produced at a cost which, though higher than that of hydrogen, is inconsequential with the safety and dependability gained.

An airship, filled with helium and defended by guns and airplanes will be, in effect, a battleship with the sky as a limit. The development of aircraft has been going on now only about 150 years. What the scientists will bring forth in the future remains to be seen.

CHARLES VANDENBURGH, '26.

A Boy's Opinion.

THE girls can have their dolls

Made of china and of wax.

But I prefer a hammer,

And a box full of tacks.

There's such comfort in a chisel !

There's such music in a file !

I wish that pocket-saws

Would get to be the style.

But with a little box of nails,

A gimlet and a screw,

I'm happier than any king,

I've work enough to do.

HELEN L. SEAMAN, '25.

THESE FRESHMEN

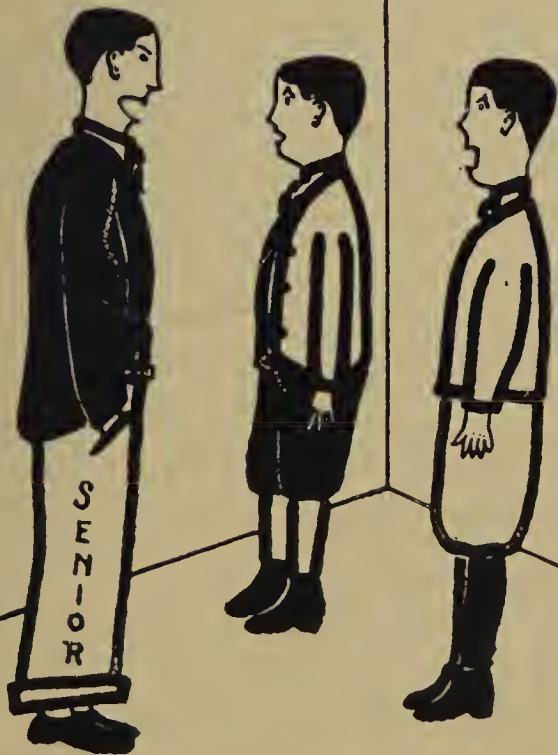
*Printing Room
Please*

*In the
Basement*



Lunch!!

*In my years of
experience etc.*



1:30

R.A. Clark '25

Domestic Science.

THE first classes that learn how to cook are the eighth grade classes. The lessons taught them are very simple, so that they may be repeated at home with success. The essential facts about certain materials are emphasized and clearly explained so the same material may be used in any recipe. For example, experiments are made with baking powder to see what actually happens in mixtures to make them light.

These pupils next enter High School when cooking is required for one-half year for the first and second years. During this time more advanced work is taken up than was taught in the eighth grade, but it is still practical so that the lessons may be brought into practice at home.

In the second year Household Chemistry is taught. The subject of bacteria, yeasts, and molds is studied and experiments made to show why certain precautions must be taken to prevent the foods from spoiling.

Candy is a food, and so once a year a lesson in candy making is given to help the pupil realize its place in the menu.

In the third and fourth years the work is more advanced. The program includes the planning, the preparation, and the serving of meals, and the study of calories. Many other important things a good cook should know are also taught.

This is the time of year when the cooking classes learn how to preserve fruits and vegetables. They learn also how to make the jellies and jams we like so well in the winter. Two methods of canning are taught, the Cold Pack and the Open Kettle.

It should be mentioned that in our cooking courses there are many recipes which may never be considered because of lack of time in the class periods.

RUTH C. McMEEHAN, '25.

THE following outline brief will give the reader an idea of the work scheduled for the Sewing Department in the fiscal school year.

During the girls' first two years in the High school, sewing is required; it is optional for the third and fourth year. In all the classes, each girl has her own problem to work out in the garment which will be of the most use to her when it is finished. The classes have been small enough so that the instructor has been able to work with each individual girl rather than have all the girls make the same garment.

FIRST YEAR

Use of machine

Two types of Singer

One Wheeler and Wilson

Use of simple stitches and finishes by applying them to a simple undergarment:—

Camisole	}	No silk or satin.
Bloomers		
Nightgown		Flannel may be used.
Chemise		

Pupil given a choice to suit individual need.

If Pupil is able and has time she may make a very simple one-piece dress for second garment.

Material: Voile, muslin, or organdie.

SECOND YEAR

Use of and kinds of commercial patterns.

More elaborate undergarments.

Material: Silk, satin.

Lace inserts.

Blouse or skirt of some woolen material.

Dress more difficult than the one made the first year.

(Concluded on Page 41)

The Life of an American Student Studying in Paris.

*Translated from the French
"Le Petit Journal" — une
revue de la presse française—
by Margaret Peterson, '25*

FOR two years I have been a boarder in a French high school, and during that time hardly a day has passed that I haven't learned something. Everything is conducted in a manner different than ours, and I cannot help

from becoming interested in everything I see, so that my mind wanders from my studies.

The principle of life is work. Fourteen hours compose our day, eleven being spent studying. We sleep in a large dormitory, which was formerly a library of the monks from the Abby of St. Genevieve. A monitor who sleeps in the same hall wakes us in the morning.

We arise at six and if the monitor finds anyone in bed he has to remain in school all Sunday morning. At six-thirty we go to the study room and study for an hour. The study room contains from thirty to thirty-five boarders and a monitor. Two pupils share the same seat and desk.

At half past seven we go to the dining room and have breakfast. Five sit on each side of a long table. The French breakfast differs from ours; they have coffee, bread, and milk. The bowls are re-filled with coffee and we dip our bread in it. This is not considered bad form in European countries.

A quarter of an hour recitation follows breakfast. Then a half hour of study. The monitor takes us to and from our classes. In France the pupils recite very little, but when they recite they are obliged to tell all they know. If one does not know his lessons he is given extra tasks. After the recitation, the professor develops his subject and notes are taken which we read afterwards.

During the day the studying is carried on under the direction of a strict tutor. We study under the shade of an old, half Roman, half Gothic tower which possesses some chimes, that rejoice us every quarter of an hour.

At noon we return to the dining room. The menu will perhaps interest you; first, we have a meagre dish, consisting of some thin filets of herring, or bread and butter, or thin slices of sausage. This is to sharpen our appetites. The second course consists of meat, and on Friday, fish. We do not eat meat and vegetables together as the American custom, but eat first the meat and then the vegetables. For vegetables we have string beans, rice, potatoes, kidney beans, and cauliflower. One may have as much as he desires. Dessert consists of berries, crullers, little cakes, and different kinds of pastry. We eat lots of bread, and every group of four students has a bottle of red wine. This wine is the most deceiving thing in the world. It smells excellent but has a sour taste. The evening meal is almost similar. We have soup and bread and vegetables instead of meat. For dessert we have prunes, and sometimes cream in the coffee.

A parent who wishes to send his pupil to a French high school, has to fill out an information sheet. The pupil's life history is given and that of the parent or of the guardian.

Pupils must receive visitors in the reception room and not outside the building. The pupil is obliged to attend church. If the pupil is to be a day pupil, what time will he leave in the evening? The day pupil leaves school at five o'clock with his home work all done—and a free evening! The American high school student goes home with an armful of books to study. How would we like to go home and have the evening free from study?

(Concluded from Page 39)

THIRD YEAR

Use of machine attachments for

Hemming

Gathering

Hemstitching

Each girl is allowed to make any article of her own choosing.

Children's clothes, especially rompers.

FOURTH YEAR

Practically the same as the third year except that economic values are taken up with the girls by means of visits to the mills and the New Bedford Textile School. In addition to the above work, a course in Millinery is being added this year.

MARJORIE GIFFORD, Instructor.

THE FELLOW WHO REDEEMED HIMSELF

(Concluded from Page 15)

had not tackled right, and the runner had struck him with his knee in the neck under the left ear. The powerful impact, however, caused the man to drop the ball. Bolden was right there to pick it up.

It does not take a fellow a half a second to realize that he has done wrong, and if he has the right spirit, it takes him only that much more in the attempt to make up for it. And the Stranger realized and transformed himself into machine-like action. He did not know his left shoulder hung limply, queerly—did not know he was hurt; but, through the slowly vanishing light, he knew Bolden carried that ball, and knew that two opponents ran to stop him. To wipe out the shame that he had committed unto himself by refusing to help Bolden, the Stranger threw himself bodily at the two men and bowled them over. He had after all teamed with Bolden!

Bolden scored, fainting behind the goal posts. The Stranger also lay where he had fallen. The whistle, and the game was over.

Nine Grantsdale players carried two fellows, comrades, now both unconscious, both covered with glory. One of them had achieved something even greater. In those last few moments, the Stranger planted his morale upon the school and gained, in the end an irreproachable character.

ALPHONSE PRZYGODA, '25.

Waves

WAVES are like men
Rising to greatness and falling again,
Rolling onward until they reach the shore,
There to die forgotten for ever more.

KATHERINE J. GOGGIN, '25.

The English Pupil's Creed.

MY LANGUAGE.

The Language of America.

I hold the language of America in reverent regard because it has helped me to understand the greatness of nature, of liberty, of love. Through the words which I have mastered, I have come to appreciate the beauty of the great out-doors; I have learned to cherish the sacred idea of home and family and the government that stimulates my ideals and protects me from all oppression.

In this language I can voice my tenderest love for my parents and express to them my appreciation of the opportunities which their sacrifice has revealed. In the songs that I sing and in the poetry I read, I can find expression for the thoughts and feelings that come to me in the open sunlit fields or in the gloom of thickset forests, or when I move among the hurrying throngs of those who crowd our city streets.

In the midst of the foolish complaints and murmurings of the unpatriotic, I can lift my voice in earnest protest and proclaim the rare rights and privileges of an American. And I can do this the more effectively because I have learned something of the art of speaking and writing the wonderful language of my country. But this lesson I have only partially mastered. What I have already learned, I shall cherish as a sacred trust—a trust that impels to further study and acquirement. I shall, therefore, wish to keep my language free from the impurities which mar its beauty and to strengthen it with the resources that reveal its power. I shall wish to do this with the faith that it will enable me to become a more patriotic American and a better citizen of the newly-changed world.

—SELECTED.

BROADCASTINGS

From "The Huttlestonian" To "The Huttlestonian"

Golden Rod,—Quincy, Mass.

More "pep" between these two covers than possessed by a cheer leader!

Pointer,—West Point.

Bending from the military regime.

Harpoon,—Dartmouth, Mass.

Pocket edition of a fine library product.

Rogers Review, — Fairhaven, Mass.

Keep going! You did the job justice.

Alpha,—New Bedford, Mass.

Complete work of a complete school.

Golden Rod,—Quincy, Mass.

"Judged the first of all our Exchanges because of a fine cover. 'The Huttlestonian' was found to be quite intensive in material and very attractive."

Lynn Classical Gazette,—Lynn, Mass.

"A 'giant' magazine and very attractive because of the unusual appearance."

Alpha,—New Bedford, Mass.

"A new arrival but starting in well."

Magnet,—Leominster, Mass.

"Your cover is splendid! Your various school departments are very interesting, but a few more stories would help."

BROADCASTINGS

From "The Huttlestonian" To "The Huttlestonian"

The Beacon,—Gloucester, Mass.

A "beacon" magazine from a coast city.

The Magnet,—Leominster, Mass.

Starts with a fine cover; continues the same!

Lynn Classical Gazette,—Lynn, Mass.

Fine stories though short of poems.

Burdett Lion,—Boston, Mass.

Something different in the line of magazines.

The Nor'easter, — Somerville, Mass.

Fine job, but can't follow the course.

The Philomath, Framingham, Mass.

Upholding the standard of your name!

Gloucester Beacon,—Gloucester, Mass.

"A neat appearing magazine with interesting stories and poems. It also has some entertaining jokes."

Burdett Lion,—Burdett College, Boston, Mass.

"We were quite surprised to find a magazine as well developed as 'The Huttlestonian', lacking an Exchange Department. You would find it a helpful feature. Your Exchange Jokes are the best yet. Why not a page of original humor?"





Roster of the Class of 1924.

Donald Barnes is employed in the Acushnet-Hathaway Mill.

Mildred Bradley is continuing her studies at Bridgewater Normal.

Aldena Brown is working in the office of the New Bedford Dry Goods Co.

“Bill” Bruce is a student at New Bedford’s widely known Textile School.

Edna Calloway is an employee of Fisher Abramson Law Co.

Grace Caswell couldn’t bear to leave Fairhaven, so secured a position in the First National Bank.

Margery Coombs is employed in the Whitman Mill.

Margaret De Costa is taking a Post Graduate Course at Fairhaven High.

Franklyn Dexter is attending school in Maine.

Helen Douglas and Katherine Hersom are enrolled at a finishing school in the South.

Doris Dreher is taking a Post Graduate Course at Fairhaven High.

Maynard Foster is at Rhode Island State College.

Margaret Goggins is a student at Bridgewater Normal.

Helen Goulart secured a position in the office of the Multigraphing Duo B System.

Eleanor Haney is working in New Bedford in an office.

Alice Harding is continuing her studies at Bridgewater Normal.

John Hawkins is busily engaged in the carpentering business.

Waldo Haydon is employed in the radio department of W. T. Grant's.

Marion Hiller has chosen Simmons in which to continue her education.

"Carl" Hirst is learning the plumbing trade at his father's place of occupation.

Elizabeth Jason is working in the shipping room office of the Beacon Mill.

Lucy Jenney is a student at Brown University.

John Johnson is busy at work learning the banking business in the Institution for Savings.

Alvin Keen is employed by Steiger, Dudgeon & Co., as a book-keeper.

Doris Kinney is taking a Post Graduate Course.

Esther LeBaron is in the employment of the Star Store Office.

Hilda Linden is doing secretarial work at St. Luke's.

Edwin Knowlton is working for his father in the steamfitter's trade.

Sophia McAfee is a student at Brown University.

Vivian Metcalf is a student at Hyannis Normal.

Alexander Nash has chosen Amherst Agricultural College to study farming.

Irene O'Leary is cashier at the Standard Electrical Co.

Margaret Pendleton is employed by Paul and Dixon.

Margaret Perry is an employee in the office of Taylor's Shoe Factory.

"Freddy" Pflug is at present pursuing his studies at the University of Vermont.

Ambrose Peters is employed by the Institution for Savings.

"Pike" Porter still does bookkeeping for Karaleka's Fruit Company.

Thelma Price is studying at Bridgewater Normal.

Walter Rayno is at home.

Marie Regan is attending Chandler Normal School in Boston.

William Rejsek is at home.

Elizabeth Sherman is enjoying a stay at home.

Roswell Silva is working for the Babbitt Steam Specialty Company.

Alma Sohlgren is employed in the Star Store Office.

Louise Stevens is studying music at home.

Alfred Sylvia is stenographer for Armour & Co.

Marjorie Sylvia is working in the office of the Fairhaven Iron Foundry.

"Brad" Terry has confined his efforts to helping Coach Pidgeon with the less experienced football material.

Benjamin Tilden has entered Norwich University.

Marjorie Tupper is traveling through Canada.

Miriam Waldron is enrolled at Middlebury College.

Marjorie Westgate is working in Taylor's Shoe Factory office.

Ethel Winterbottom is an employee of Paul and Dixon in the office.

Grace Wood is at home.

Earl York is thinking of securing employment at Woodland's Market.

Franklyn Young is employed at the Babbitt Steam Specialty.

SHERMAN A. GIFFORD, '23.

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

Older than any pupil in the Fairhaven High School
Older than the present High School building.
Older than any school building now in use in Fairhaven.

THE FAIRHAVEN STAR

ONE OF THE OLDEST BUSINESSES IN FAIRHAVEN.

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DO NEARLY EVERY KIND OF PRINTING.

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in the local field.

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

Attendite
qui feliciter biennium
linguam Latinam
insecuti sunt, vobis
Carpe Diem iungere
licit.

Le Bonne Compagnie
offre ses félicitations
au Rédacteur-en-chef
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TED'S**

All American Baseball Game
All American Football Game.
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